

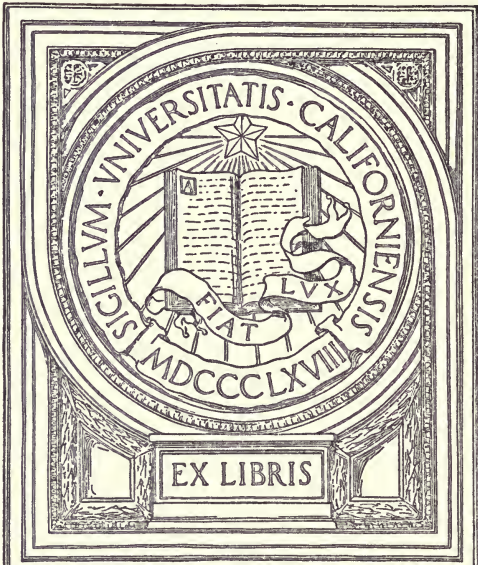
~~953~~

H184

FAN

Case B

Robert H. Hay



EX LIBRIS

CASE



FANNY.



FANNY.

2by2

[Fitz-Greene Halleck]



"A fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live—
And play in the plighted clouds."....*Milton.*



NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY C. WILEY & CO. No. 3 WALL-STREET. -

Clayton & Kingsland, Printers.

1819.

SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the eighteenth day of December, in the forty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, CHARLES WILEY & Co. of the said District, have deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

“ *Fanny.*

‘ *A fairy vision*

*Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live—
And play in the plighted clouds.’ Milton.”*

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled “ An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned.” And also to an act, entitled “ An act, supplementary to an act, entitled an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

GILBERT LIVINGSTON THOMPSON,

Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

953
H184
fan
case
B
A

FANNY.

I.

FANNY was younger once than she is now,
And prettier of course : I do not mean
To say, that there are wrinkles on her brow,
Yet, to be candid, she is past eighteen—
Perhaps past twenty—but the girl is shy
About her age, and God forbid that I

II.

Should get myself in trouble by revealing
A secret of this sort; I have too long
Lov'd pretty women with a poet's feeling,
And when a boy, in day dream and in song,
Have knelt me down and worshipp'd them: alas!
'They never thank'd me for't—but let that pass.

III.

I've felt full many a heart-ach in my day,
 At the mere rustling of a muslin gown,
 And caught some dreadful colds, I blush to say,
 While shivering in the shade of beauty's frown.
 They say her smiles are sunbeams—it may be—
 But never a sunbeam would she throw on me.

IV.

But Fanny's is an eye that you may gaze on
 For half an hour, without the slightest harm;
 E'en when she wore her smiling summer face on
 There was but little danger, and the charm
 That youth and wealth once gave, has bade farewell.
 Hers is a sad, sad tale—'tis mine its woes to tell.

V.

Her father kept, some fifteen years ago,
 A retail dry-good shop in Chatham-street,
 And nurs'd his little earnings, sure though slow,
 Till having muster'd wherewithal to meet
 The gaze of the great world, he breath'd the air
 Of Pearl-street—and *set up* in Hanover-square.

VI.

Money is power, 'tis said—I never tried ;
 For I'm a poet—and bank-notes to me
 Are curiosities, as closely eyed,
 Whene'er I get them, as a stone would be,
 Toss'd from the moon on Doctor Mitchill's table,
 Or classic brick-bat from the tower of Babel.

VII.

But he I sing of well has known and felt
 That money hath a power and a dominion ;
 For when in Chatham-street the good man dwelt,
 No one would give a *sous* for his opinion.
 And though his neighbours were extremely civil,
 Yet, on the whole, they thought him—a poor devil,

VIII.

A decent kind of person; one whose head
 Was not of brains particularly full;
 It was not known that he had ever said
 Any thing worth repeating—'twas a dull,
 Good, honest man—what Paulding's muse would call
 A “ cabbage head,”—but he excelled them all

IX.

In that most noble of the sciences,
 The art of making money; and he found
 The zeal for quizzing him grew less and less,
 As he grew richer; till upon the ground
 Of Pearl-street, treading proudly in the might
 And majesty of wealth, a sudden light

X.

Flash'd like the midnight lightning on the eyes
 Of all who knew him; brilliant traits of mind,
 And genius, clear and countless as the dies
 Upon the peacock's plumage; taste refin'd,
 Wisdom and wit, were his—perhaps much more.
 'Twas strange they had not found it out before.

XI.

In this quick transformation it is true
 That cash had no small share; but there were still
 Some other causes, which then gave a new
 Impulse to head and heart, and join'd to fill
 His brain with knowledge, for there first he met
 The editor of the New-York Gazette,

XII.

The sapient Mr. L**g. The world of him
 Knows much, yet not one half so much as he
 Knows of the world. Up to its very brim
 The goblet of his mind is sparkling free
 With lore and learning. Had proud Sheba's queen,
 In all her bloom and beauty, but have seen

XIII.

This modern Solomon, the Israelite,
 Earth's monarch as he was, had never won her.
 He would have hang'd himself for very spite,
 And she, blest woman, might have had the honour
 Of some neat "paragraphs"—worth all the lays
 That Judah's minstrel warbled in her praise.

XIV.

Her star arose too soon; but that which sway'd
 Th' ascendant at our merchant's natal hour
 Was bright with better destiny—its aid
 Led him to pluck within the classic bower
 Of bulletins, the blossoms of true knowledge;
 And L**g supplied the loss of school and college.

XV.

For there he learn'd the news some minutes sooner
 Than others could; and to distinguish well
 The different signals; whether ship or schooner
 Hoisted at Staten-Island; and to tell
 The change of wind, and of his neighbour's fortunes,
 And, best of all—he there learn'd self-importance.

XVI.

Nor were these all the advantages derived
 From change of scene; for near his domicile,
He of the pair of polish'd lamps then liv'd,
 And in my hero's promenades, at will,
 Could he behold them burning—and their flame
 Kindled within his breast the love of fame,

XVII.

And politics, and country; the pure glow
 Of patriot ardour, and the consciousness
 That talents such as his would well bestow
 A lustre on the city; she would bless
 His name; and that some service should be done her,
 He pledged "life, fortune, and his sacred honour."

XVIII.

And when the sounds of music and of mirth,
 Bursting from fashion's groups assembled there,
 Were heard, as round their lone plebeian hearth,
 Fanny and he were seated—he would dare
 To whisper fondly, that the time might come,
 When he and his could give as brilliant Routs at home.

XIX.

And oft would Fanny near that mansion linger,
 When the cold winter moon was high in heaven,
 And trace out, by the aid of fancy's finger,
 Cards for some future party, to be given
 When she, in turn, should be a *belle*, and they
 Had lived their little hour, and pass'd away.

XX.

There are some happy moments in this lone
 And desolate world of ours, that well repay
 The toil of struggling through it, and atone
 For many a long, sad night and weary day.
 They come upon the mind like some wild air
 Of distant music, when we know not where,

XXI.

Or whence, the sounds are brought from, and their pow'r,
 Though brief, is boundless. That far, future home,
 Oft dreamed of, sparkles near—its rose-wreath'd bower,
 And cloudless skies before us : we become
 Chang'd on the instant—all gold leaf and gilding ;—
 This is, in vulgar phrase, call'd *castle building*.

XXII.

But these, like sunset clouds, fade soon ; 'tis vain
 To bid them linger longer, or to ask
 On what day they intend to call again ;
 And, surely, 'twere a philosophic task,
 Worthy a M*****ll, in his hours of leisure,
 To find some means to summon them at pleasure.

XXIII.

There certainly are powers of doing this,
 In some degree at least—for instance, drinking.
 Champagne will bathe the heart awhile in bliss,
 And keep the head a little time from thinking
 Of cares or creditors—the best wine in town,
 You'll get from Lynch—the cash must be paid down.

XXIV.

But if you are a bachelor, like me,
 And spurn all chains, even though made of roses,
 I'd recommend segars—there is a free
 And happy spirit, that, unseen, reposes
 On the dim shadowy clouds, that hover o'er you,
 When smoking quietly with a warm fire before you.

XXV.

Dear to the exile is his native land,
 In memory's twilight beauty seen afar :
 Dear to the broker is a note of hand,
 Collaterally secured—the polar star
 Is dear at midnight to the sailor's eyes,
 And dear are Bristed's volumes at “half price;”

XXVI.

But dearer far to me each fairy minute,
 Spent in that fond forgetfulness of grief ;
 There is an airy web of magic in it,
 As in Othello's pocket handkerchief,
 Veiling the wrinkles on the brow of sorrow, [row.
 The gathering gloom to-day—the thunder cloud to-mor-

XXVII.

And these are innocent thoughts—a man may sit
 Upon a bright throne of his own creation ;
 Untortured by the ghastly sprites that flit
 Around the many, whose exalted station
 Has been attained by means 'twere pain to hint on,
 Just for the rhyme's sake—instance Mr. C*****n.

XXVIII.

He struggled hard, but not in vain, and breathes
 The mountain air at last ; but there are others
 Who strove, like him, to win the glittering wreaths
 Of power, his early partisans and brothers,
 That linger yet in dust from whence they sprung,
 Unhonour'd and unpaid, though, luckily, unhung.

XXIX.

Tw'as theirs to fill with *gas* the huge balloon
 Of party ; and they hop'd, when it arose,
 To soar like eagles in the blaze of noon,
 Above the gaping crowd of friends and foes.
 Alas ! like Guillé's car, it soar'd without them,
 And left them with a mob to jeer and flout them.

XXX.

Though Fanny's moonlight dreams were sweet as those
 I've dwelt so long upon—they were more stable ;
 Hers were not "castles in the air" that rose
 Bas'd upon nothing ; for her sire was able,
 As well she knew, to *buy out* the one half
 Of Fashion's glittering train, that nightly quaff

XXXI.

Wine, wit, and wisdom, at a midnight Rout,
 From dandy coachmen, whose *exquisite* grin
 And *ruffian* lounge flash brilliantly without,
 Down to their brother dandies ranged within,
 Gay as the Brussels carpeting they tread on,
 And sapient as the oysters they are fed on.

XXXII.

And Rumour—(she's a famous liar, yet
 'Tis wonderful how easy we believe her,)
 Had whisper'd he was rich, and all he met
 In Wall-street, nodded, smiled, and *tipped the beaver* ;
 All, from Mr. Gelston, the Collector,
 Down to the broker, and the bank director.

XXXIII.

A few brief years pass'd over, and his rank
 Among the worthies of that street was fix'd;
 He had become director of a bank,
 And six insurance offices, and mix'd
 Familiarly, as one among his peers,
 With grocers, dry-good merchants, auctioneers,

XXXIV.

Brokers of all grades—stock and pawn—and Jews
 Of all religions, who at noon-day form,
 On 'Change, that brotherhood the moral Muse
 Delights in, where the heart is pure and warm,
 And each exerts his intellectual force
 To cheat his neighbour—honestly of course.

XXXV.

And there he shone a planetary star,
 Circled around by lesser orbs, whose beams
 From his were borrow'd. The simile is not far
 From truth—for many bosom friends, it seems,
 Did borrow of him, and sometimes forget
 To pay—indeed they have not paid him yet.

XXXVI.

But these he deem'd as trifles, when each mouth
 Was open in his praise, and plaudits rose
 Upon his willing ear, "like the sweet south
 Upon a bank of violets," from those
 Who knew his talents, virtues, and so forth ;
 That is—knew how much money he was worth.

XXXVII.

Alas! poor human nature; had he been
 But satisfied with this, his golden days
 Their setting hour of darkness had not seen,
 And he might still (in the mercantile phrase)
 Be living "in good order and condition ;"
 But he was ruined by that jade Ambition,

XXXVIII.

"That last infirmity of noble minds,"
 Whose spell, like whiskey, your true patriot liquor,
 To politics the lofty heart inclines
 Of all, from C*****n down to the bill sticker
 Of a ward-meeting. She came slyly creeping
 To his bed side, where he lay snug and sleeping.

XXXIX.

Her brow was turban'd with a bucktail wreath,
 A broach of terrapin her bosom wore,
 Tompkins' letter was just seen beneath
 Her arm, and in her hand on high she bore
 A National Advocate—Pell's polite Review
 Lay at her feet—'twas pommell'd black and blue.

XL.

She was in fashion's elegant undress,
 Muffled from throat to ankle ; and her hair
 Was all "*en papillotes*," each auburn tress
 Prettily pinn'd apart. You well might swear
 She was no beauty ; yet, when *made up*, ready
 For visitors, 'twas quite another lady.

XLI.

Since that wise pedant, Johnson, was in fashion,
 Manners have chang'd as well as moons ; and he
 Would fret himself once more into a passion,
 Should he return, (which God forbid,) and see,
 How strangely from his standard Dictionary,
 The meaning of some words is made to vary.

XLII.

For instance, an *undress* at present means
 The wearing a pelisse, a shawl, or so ;
 Or any thing you please, in short, that screens
 The face, and hides the form from top to toe ;
 Of power to brave a quizzing-glass, or storm—
 'Tis worn in summer, when the weather's warm.

XLIII.

But a full dress is for a winter's night.
 The most genteel is made of "woven air;"
 That kind of classic cobweb, soft and light,
 Which Lady Morgan's Ida used to wear.
 And ladies, this aërial manner dress'd in,
 Look Eve-like, angel-like, and interesting.

XLIV.

But Miss Ambition was, as I was saying,
 " *En dishabille.*"—His bed-side tripping near,
 And, gently, on his nose her fingers laying,
 She roar'd out Tammany! in his frightened ear.
 The potent word awoke him from his nap,
 And then she vanish'd, whisk'ring *verbum sap.*

XLV.

The last words were beyond his comprehension,
 For he had left off schooling, ere the Greek
 Or Latin classics claimed his mind's attention :
 Besides, he often had been heard to speak
 Contemptuously of all that sort of knowledge,
 Taught so profoundly in Columbia College.

XLVI.

We owe the ancients something. You have read
 Their works, no doubt—at least in a translation;
 Yet there was argument in what he said.
 I scorn equivocation or evasion,
 And own, it must, in candour, be confest,
 They were an ignorant set of men at best.

XLVII.

'Twas their misfortune to be born too soon
 By centuries, and in the wrong place too ;
 They never saw a steam-boat, or balloon,
 Velocipede, or Quarterly Review ;
 Or wore a pair of Baehr's black satin breeches,
 Or read an Almanac, or C*****n's Speeches.

XLVIII.

In short, in every thing we far outshine 'em.—

Art, science, taste, and talent; and a stroll
Thro' this enlightened city would refine 'em

More than ten year's hard study of the whole
Their genius has produced of rich and rare—
God bless the Corporation and the Mayor!

XLIX.

In sculpture, we've a grace the Grecian master,

Blushing, had own'd his purest model lacks;
We've Mr. B****t in the best of plaster,

The witch of Endor in the best of wax,
Besides the head of Franklin on the roof
Of Mr. L**g, both jest and weather proof.

L.

And on our City Hall a Justice stands;

A neater form was never made of board,
Holding majestically in her hands

A pair of steelyards and a wooden sword;
And looking down with complaisant civility—
Emblem of dignity and durability.

LI.

In painting, we have Trumbull's proud *chef d'œuvre*,
 Blending in one the funny and the fine :
 His "Independence" will endure for ever,
 And so will Mr. Allen's lottery sign ;
 And all that grace the Academy of Arts,
 From Dr. Hosack's face to Bonaparte's.

LII.

In architecture, our unrivalled skill
 Cullen's magnesian shop has loudly spoken
 To an admiring world ; and better still
 Is Gautier's fairy palace at Hoboken.
 In music, we've the Euterpian Society,
 And amateurs, a wonderful variety.

LIII.

In physic, we have F*****s and M'N****n,
 Fam'd for long heads, short lectures, and long bills ;
 And Q*****ss and others, who from heaven
 Were rained upon us in a shower of pills ;
 They'd beat the deathless Esculapius hollow,
 And make a starveling druggist of Apollo.

LIV.

And who, that ever slumber'd at the Forum,
 But owns the first of orators we claim ;
 Cicero would have bow'd the knee before 'em—
 And for law eloquence, we've Dr. G****m.
 Compared with him, their Justins and Quintillians
 Had dwindled into second-rate civilians.

LV.

For purity and chastity of style,
 There's Pell's preface, and puffs by Horne and Waite.
 For penetration deep, and learned toil,
 And all that stamps an author truly great,
 Have we not Bristed's ponderous tomes ? a treasure
 For any man of patience and of leisure.

LVI.

Oxonian Bristed! many a foolscap page
 He, in his time, hath written, and moreover
 (What few will do in this degenerate age)
 Hath read his own works, as you may discover
 By counting his quotations from himself—
 You'll find the books on any auction shelf.

LVII.

I beg Great Britain's pardon; 'tis not meant
 To claim this Oxford scholar as our own :
 That he was shipp'd off here to represent
 Her literature among us, is well known ;
 And none could better fill the lofty station
 Of Learning's envoy from the British nation.

LVIII.

We fondly hope, that he will be respected
 At home, and soon obtain a place or pension.
 We should regret to see him live neglected,
 Like Ashe, and Moore, and others we could mention ;
 Who paid us friendly visits to abuse
 Our country, and find food for the Reviews.

LIX.

And now I'm on the subject, I must hint
 To Mr. Gifford when he's next preparing
 New libels on America to print,
 To make his blunders, if he can, less glaring
 Than they have been of late; because, ere long,
 His readers here may deem him always wrong.

LX.

Whate'er the theme, (it is the common fate
 Of dunces generally,) from our eyes
 The mists, through which he has appeared so great
 A wizard, may dissolve, and we despise
 Him and his criticisms. No doubt he'll heed me
 Whenever he's so happy as to read me.

LXI.

But to return.—The Heliconian waters
 Are sparkling in their native fount no more,
 And after years of wandering, the nine daughters
 Of poetry, have found upon our shore
 A happier home, and on their sacred shrines
 Glow in immortal ink, the polish'd lines

LXII.

Of Woodworth, Doctor Farmer, Moses Scott—
 Names hallow'd by their readers' sweetest smile ;
 And who that reads at all, has read them not.
 "That blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,"
 Homer, was well enough ; but would he ever
 Have written, think ye, the Backwoodsman? never.

LXIII.

Alas! for Paulding—I regret to see
 In such a stanza one whose giant powers,
 Seen in their native element, would be
 Known to a future age, the pride of ours.
 There is none breathing who can better wield
 The battle-axe of satire. On its field

LXIV.

The wreath he fought for he has bravely won.
 Long be its laurel green around his brow!—
 It is too true, I'm somewhat fond of fun
 And jesting; but for once I'm serious now.
 Why is he sipping weak Castalian dews?
 The muse has damn'd him—let him damn the muse.

LXV.

But to return once more : the ancients fought
 Some tolerable battles. Marathon
 Is still a theme for high and holy thought,
 And many a poet's lay. We linger on
 The page that tells us of the brave and free,
 And reverence thy name, unmatch'd Thermopylæ.

LXVI.

And there were spirited troops in other days—
 The Roman legion and the Spartan band,
 And S*****t's gallant corps, the Iron Grays—
 Soldiers who met their foemen hand to hand,
 Or swore, at least, to meet them undismay'd ;
 Yet what were these to General L*****t's brigade

LXVII.

Of veterans? nursed in that *free school* of glory,
 The New-York State Militia. From Bellevue,
 E'en to the Battery flagstaff, the proud story
 Of their manœuvres at the last Review
 Has rang; and C*****n's "order" told afar
 He never led a better corps to war.

LXVIII.

What, Egypt, was thy magic, to the tricks
 Of Mr. Charles, Judge S*****r, or V*n B*****n ;
 The first with cards, the last in politics,
 A conjuror's fame for years have been securing.
 And who would now the ancient dramas read
 When he can get "Wall-street," by Mr. Meade.

LXIX.

I might say much about our letter'd men,
 Those "grave and reverend seigniors," who compose
 Our learn'd societies—but here my pen
 Stops short; for they, themselves, the rumour goes,
 The exclusive privilege by patent claim,
 Of trumpeting (as the phrase is) their own fame.

LXX.

And, therefore, I am silent. It remains
 To bless the hour the Corporation took it
 Into their heads, to give the rich in brains,
 The worn-out mansion of the poor in pocket,
 Once "the old alms house," now a school of wisdom,
 Sacred to S*****r's shells and Dr. G*****m.

LXXI.

But whither am I wandering? The esteem
 I bear "this fairy city of the heart,"
 To me a dear enthusiastic theme,
 Has forc'd me, all unconsciously, to part
 Too long from him, the hero of my story.
 Where was he?—waking from his dream of glory.

LXXII.

And she, the lady of his dream, had fled,
 And left him somewhat puzzled and confused.
 He understood, however, half she said ;
 And that is quite as much as we are used
 To comprehend, or fancy worth repeating,
 In speeches heard at any public meeting.

LXXIII.

And the next evening found him at the Hall ;
 There he was welcom'd by the cordial hand,
 And met the warm and friendly grasp of all
 Who take, like watchmen, there, their nightly stand,
 A ring, as in a boxing match, procuring,
 To bet on C*****n, T*****s, or V*n B****n.

LXXIV.

'Twas a propitious moment ;—for awhile,
 The waves of party were at rest. Upon
 Each complacent brow was gay good humour's smile ;
 And there was much of wit, and jest, and pun,
 And high amid the circle, in great glee,
 Sat Croaker's old acquaintance, J**n T****e.

LXXV.

His jokes excell'd the rest, and oft he sang
 Songs, patriotic, as in duty bound.
 He had a little of the "nasal twang
 "Heard at conventicle;" but yet you found
 In him a dash of purity and brightness,
 That spoke the man of taste, and of politeness.

LXXVI.

For he had been, it seems, the bosom friend
 Of England's prettiest bard, Anacreon Moore.
 They met when the said bard came here to spend
 Some time and money on this favour'd shore ;
 For, as the proverb saith, "birds of a feather
 Instinctively will flock and fly together."

LXXVII.

And, from the following song, it would appear
 That Mr. Moore from Mr. T****e took
 The model of his "Bower of Bendemeer,"
 One of the sweetest airs in Lalla Rookh;
 'Tis to be hoped, that in his next edition,
 This, the original, will find admission.

SONG.

I.

There's a barrel of porter at Tammany Hall,
 And the bucktails are swigging it all the night long.
 In the time of my boyhood 'twas pleasant to call
 For a seat and segar, 'mid the jovial throng.
 That beer and those bucktails I'll never forget ;
 But oft, when alone, and unnoticed by all,
 I think, is the porter cask foaming there yet ?
 Are the bucktails still swigging at Tammany Hall ?

II.

No! the porter was out long before it was stale,
 But some blossoms on many a nose brightly shone ;
 And the speeches inspir'd by the fumes of the ale,
 Had the fragrance of porter when porter was gone.
 How much Cozzens will draw of such beer ere he dies,
 Is a question of moment to me and to all ;
 For still dear to my soul, as 'twas then to mine eyes,
 Is that barrel of porter at Tammany Hall.

LXXVIII.

For many months my hero ne'er neglected
 To take his ramble there, and soon found out,
 In much less time than one could have expected,
 What 'twas they all were quarrelling about.
 He learn'd the party countersigns by rote,
 And when to clap his hands, and how to vote.

LXXIX.

He learn'd that C*****n became governor
 Somehow by chance, when we were all asleep;
 That he had neither sense, nor talent, nor
 Any good quality, and would not keep
 His place an hour after the next election—
 So powerful was the voice of disaffection.

LXXX.

That he was a mere puppet, made to play
 A thousand tricks, while S*****r touch'd the springs—
 S*****r, the mighty Warwick of his day,
 “That setter-up, and puller-down of kings,”
 Aided by M*****r, P*ll, and Doctor G*****m,
 And other men of equal worth and fame.

LXXXI.

And that he'd set the people at defiance,
 By placing knaves and fools in public stations ;
 And that his works in literature and science,
 Were but a mangled mass of misquotations ;
 And that he'd quoted from the devil even—
 " Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

LXXXII.

To these authentic facts each bucktail swore ;
 But C*****n's friends averr'd, in contradiction,
 They were but fables, told by Mr. N**h,
 Who had a privilege to deal in fiction,
 Because he'd written travels, and a melo-
 Drama ; and was, withal, a pleasant fellow.

LXXXIII.

And they declared, that Tompkins was no better
 Than he should be ; that he had borrow'd money,
 And paid it—not in cash—but with a letter ;
 And though some trifling service he had done, he
 Still wanted spirit, energy, and fire ;
 And was dislik'd by—Mr. M'Intyre.

LXXXIV.

In short, each one with whom in conversation
 He join'd, contriv'd to give him different views
 Of men and measures ; and the information
 Which he obtained, but aided to confuse
 His brain. At best, 'twas never very clear ;
 And now 'twas turn'd with politics and beer.

LXXXV.

And he was puff'd, and flatter'd, and caress'd
 By all, till he sincerely thought that nature
 Had form'd him for an Alderman at least—
 Perhaps, a member of the Legislature ;
 And that he had the talents, ten times over,
 Of H***y M**gs, or P***r H. W*****r.

LXXXVI.

The man was mad, 'tis plain, and merits pity,
 Or he had never dar'd, in such a tone,
 To speak of two great persons, whom the city,
 With pride and pleasure, points to as her own.
 Men, wise in council, brilliant in debate,
 " The expectancy and rose of the fair state."

LXXXVII.

The one—for a pure style, and classic manner,
Is—Mr. Sachem M***y far before.

The other, in his speech about the banner,
Spell-bound his audience, until they swore,
That such a speech was never heard till then,
And never would be—till he spoke again.

LXXXVIII.

Though 'twas presumptuous in this friend of ours
To think of rivalling these, I must allow,
That still the man had talents; and the powers
Of his capacious intellect were now
Improv'd by foreign travel, and by reading,
And at the Hall he'd learn'd, of course, good breeding.

LXXXIX.

He'd read the newspapers, with great attention,
Advertisements and all; and Riley's book
Of travels—valued for its rich invention;
And Day and Turner's Price Current; and took
The Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews;
And also, Colonel Pell's—and, to amuse

XC.

His leisure hours with classic tale and story,
 Longworth's Directory, and Meade's Wall-street,
 And Mr. Delaplaine's Repository ;
 And M*****ll's scientific works complete,
 With other standard books of modern days,
 Lay on his table, cover'd with green baize.

XCI.

His travels had extended to Bath races ;
 And Bloomingdale, and Bergen, he had seen ;
 And Harlæm Heights ; and many other places,
 By sea and land, had visited ; and been
 In a steam-boat of the Vice President's,
 To Staten-Island once—for fifty cents.

XCII.

And he had din'd, by special invitation,
 On turtle, with the party at Hoboken ;
 And thank'd them for his card, in an oration,
 Declar'd to be the shortest ever spoken.
 And he had stroll'd one day o'er Weehawk hill :
 A day worth all the rest—he recollects it still.

XCIII.

Weehawken! In thy mountain scenery yet,
 All we adore of nature in her wild
 And frolic hour of infancy, is met;
 And never has a summer's morning smil'd
 Upon a lovelier scene, than the full eye
 Of the enthusiast revels on—when high,

XCIV.

Amid thy forest solitudes, he climbs
 O'er crags, that proudly tower above the deep,
 And knows that sense of danger, which sublimes
 The breathless moment—when his daring step
 Is on the verge of the cliff, and he can hear
 The low dash of the wave with startled ear,

XCV.

Like the death-music of his coming doom,
 And clings to the green turf with desperate force,
 As the heart clings to life; and when resume
 The currents in his veins their wonted course,
 There lingers a deep feeling—like the moan
 Of wearied ocean, when the storm is gone.

XCVI.

In such an hour he turns, and on his view,
 Ocean, and earth, and heaven, burst before him.
 Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear blue
 Of Summer's sky, in beauty bending o'er him—
 The city bright below; and far away,
 Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic bay.

XCVII.

Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,
 And banners floating in the sunny air;
 And while sails o'er the calm blue waters bent,
 Green isle, and circling shore, are blended there,
 In wild reality. When life is old,
 And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold

XCVIII.

Its memory of this; nor lives there one
 Whose infant breath was drawn, or boyhood days
 Of happiness, were pass'd beneath that sun,
 That in his manhood prime can calmly gaze
 Upon that bay, or on that mountain stand,
 Nor feel the prouder of his native land.

XCIX.

“ This may be poetry, for aught I know,”

Said an old, worthy, friend of mine, while leaning
O'er my shoulder as I wrote, “ altho’

“ I can't exactly comprehend its meaning.

“ For my part, I have long been a petitioner

“ To Mr. J**n M'C**b, the street-commissioner,

C.

“ That he would think of Weehawk, and would lay it

“ Handsomely out in avenue and square ;

“ Then tax the land, and make its owners pay it,

“ (As is the usual plan pursued elsewhere,)

“ Blow up the rocks, and sell the wood for fuel—

“ 'Twould save us many a dollar, and a duel.”

CI.

The devil take you and J**n M'C**b, said I ;

L**g, in its praise, has penn'd one paragraph,
And promis'd me another. I defy,

With such assistance, yours and the world's laugh ;
And half believe that Paulding, on this theme,
Might be a poet—strange as it may seem.

CII.

For even our traveller felt, when home returning
 From that day's tour, as on the deck he stood,
 The fire of poetry within him burning ;
 "Albeit, unused to the rhyming mood ;"
 And with a pencil on his knee he wrote
 The following flaming lines—to the Horse-Boat ;

1.

Away—o'er the wave to the home we are seeking,
 Bark of my hope ere the evening be gone ;
 There's a wild, wild note in the curlew's shrieking ;
 There's a whisper of death in the wind's low moan.

2.

Though blue and bright are the heavens above me,
 And the stars are asleep on the quiet sea ;
 And hearts I love, and hearts that love me,
 Are beating beside me merrily,

3.

Yet—far in the west, where the day's faded roses,
 Touch'd by the moon beam, are withering fast ;

Where the half-seen spirit of twilight reposes,
 Hymning the dirge of the hours that are past.

4.

There, where the ocean-wave sparkles at meeting
 (As sunset dreams tell us) the kiss of the sky,
 On his dim, dark cloud is the infant storm sitting,
 And beneath the horizon his lightnings are nigh.

5.

Another hour—and the death-word is given,
 Another hour—and his lightnings are here ;
 Speed ! speed thee, my bark ; ere the breeze of even
 Is lost in the tempest, our home will be near.

6.

Then away o'er the wave, while thy pennant is streaming
 In the shadowy light, like a shooting star ;
 Be swift as the thought of the wanderer, dreaming,
 In a stranger land, of his fire-side afar.

7.

And while memory lingers I'll fondly believe thee
 A being with life and its best feelings warm ;
 And freely the wild song of gratitude weave thee,
 Blest spirit ! that bore me and mine from the storm.

CIII.

But where is Fanny? She has long been thrown
 Where cheeks and roses wither—in the shade.
 The age of chivalry, you know, is gone ;
 And although, as I once before have said,
 I love a pretty face to adoration,
 Yet, still, I must preserve my reputation,

CIV.

As a true Dandy of the modern schools.
 One hates to be old-fashioned ; it would be
 A violation of the latest rules,
 To treat the sex with too much courtesy.
 'Tis not to worship beauty, as she glows
 In all her diamond lustre, that the Beaux

CV.

Of these enlighten'd days at evening crowd,
 Where fashion sparkles in her rooms of light.
 That "dignified obedience; that proud
 Submission," which, in times of yore, the Knight
 Gave to his "Lady-love," is now a scandal,
 And practis'd only by your Goth or Vandal.

CVI.

To lounge in graceful attitudes—be star'd
 Upon, the while, by ev'ry fair one's eye,
 And stare one's self, in turn; to be prepar'd
 To dart upon the *trays*, as swiftly by
 The dexterous Simon bears them, and to take
 One's share, at least, of coffee, cream and cake,

CVII.

Is now to be *the ton*. The pouting lip,
 And sad, upbraiding eye of the poor girl,
 Who hardly of her tea one drop can sip,
 Ere in the wild confusion, and the whirl,
 And tumult of the hour, the good things vanish,
 Must now be disregarded. One must banish

CVIII.

Those antiquated feelings, that belong
 To feudal manners, and a barbarous age.
 Time was—when woman “pour’d her soul” in song,
 That all was hush’d around. ’Tis now *the rage*
 To deem a song, like bugle-tones in battle,
 A signal note, that bids each tongue’s artillery rattle.

CIX.

And, therefore, I have made Miss Fanny wait
 My leisure. She had chang’d, as you will see, as
 Much as her worthy sire, and made as great
 Proficiency in taste and high ideas.
 The careless smile of other days was gone,
 And every gesture spoke “*q’en dira-t-on?*”

CX.

She long had known that in her father’s coffers,
 And also to his credit in the banks,
 There was some cash ; and therefore all the offers
 Made her, by gentlemen of the middle ranks,
 Of heart and hand, had spurn’d, as far beneath
 One whose high destiny it was to breathe,

CXI.

Ere long, the air of Broadway, or Park-place,
 And reign a fairy queen in fairy land ;
 Display in the gay dance, her form of grace,
 Or touch with rounded arm, and gloveless hand,
 Harp or piano.—Madame Catilini
 Forgot awhile, and every eye on Fanny.

CXII.

And in anticipation of that hour,
 Her star of hope—her paradise of thought,
 She'd had as many masters as the power
 Of riches could bestow ; and had been taught
 The thousand nameless graces, that adorn
 The daughters of the wealthy, and high born.

CXIII.

She had been notic'd at some public places,
 (The Battery, and the balls of Mr. Whale,)
 For her's was one of those attractive faces,
 That when you gaze upon them, never fail
 To bid you look again ; there was a beam,
 A lustre in her eye, that oft would seem

CXIV.

A little like effrontery; and yet,
 My Fanny meant no harm; her only aim
 Was but to be admired by all she met,
 And the free homage of the heart to claim;
 And if she show'd too plainly this intention,
 Others have done the same—'twas not of her invention.

CXV.

She shone at every concert; where are bought
 Tickets, by all who wish them, for a dollar;
 She patronis'd the Theatre, and thought
 That Wallack look'd extremely well in Rolla;
 She fell in love, as all the ladies do,
 With Mr. Simpson—talked as loudly, too,

CXVI.

As any beauty of the highest grade,
 To the gay circle in the box beside her;
 And when the pit—half vex'd and half afraid,
 With looks of smother'd indignation eyed her,
 She calmly met their gaze, and stood before 'em,
 Smiling at *vulgar* taste, and *mock* decorum.

CXVII.

And though by no means a "*Bas bleu*," she had
 For literature, a most becoming passion ;
 Had skimm'd the latest novels, good and bad,
 And read the Croakers, when they were in fashion ;
 And Doctor Chalmers' sermons, of a Sunday ;
 And Woodworth's Cabinet, and the new Salmagundi.

CXVIII.

She was among the first and warmest patrons
 Of G*****'s *conversazioni*, where
 In rainbow groups, our bright ey'd maids and matrons.
 On science bent, assemble ; to prepare
 Themselves for acting well, in life, their part
 As wives and mothers. There she learn'd by heart

CXIX.

Words, to the witches in Macbeth unknown.
Hydraulics, hydrostatics, and pneumatics,
Dioptrics, optics, katoptrics, carbon,
Chlodine, and iodine, and aerostatics ;
 Also,—why frogs, for want of air, expire ;
 And how to set the Tappan sea on fire !

CXX.

In all the modern languages she was
 Exceedingly well vers'd ; and had devoted,
 To their attainment, far more time than has,
 By the best teachers lately, been allotted ;
 For she had taken lessons, twice a week,
 For a full month in each ; and she could speak

CXXI.

French and Italian, equally as well
 As Chinese, Portuguese, or German ; and,
 What is still more surprising, she could spell
 Most of our longest English words, off hand ;
 Was quite familiar in Low Dutch and Spanish,
 And thought of studying modern Greek and Danish.

CXXII.

She sang divinely : and in "*Love's young dream,*"
 And "*Fanny dearest,*" and "*The soldier's bride ;*"
 And every song, whose dear delightful theme,
 Is "*Love, still love,*" had oft till midnight tried
 Her finest, loftiest *pigeon-wings* of sound,
 Waking the very watchmen far around.

CXXIII.

For her pure taste in dress, I can appeal to
Madame Bouquet, and Monsieur Pardessus ;
She was, in short, a woman you might kneel to,
If kneeling was in fashion ; or if you
Were wearied of your *duns*, and single life,
And wanted a few thousands, and a wife.

CXXIV.

For man is born to trouble,—

FINIS.









M268509

953
H184
for
Case B

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

